

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

DOUBT ABOUT LOVE IS HALF ADMISSION.

Little book, as hard as it will be for me, I am going to set down here every word, every impression, every action and every reaction I can remember that has occurred during this dreadful crisis. I want to be able to think calmly, something I have not been able to do, and perhaps this will help me do it.

After I received Dick's letter I was so worried about him. I knew he must be in a pitiable state and I thought one of the great crises of his life was before him. God knows, little book, I never dreamed anything as horrible could happen as has happened.

I remembered thinking at one time just after I received his letter that I would go to Jim Edie and tell him the whole story. I knew Jim would do something to help him out. I am very glad I did not go now, for I would have found out that it was Jim who helped Dick get that last loan. Dear old Jim has gone on Dick's notes to the extent that will mean ruin to him if Dick does not pull through.

However, as I read the letter I knew nothing of this and when I went back to the girls I could not talk to them. Mollie noticed this and said, "Come on, Donna, over to my room. Margie is in one of her thinking moods and until she has threshed the subject out to her satisfaction she will not be a fit subject to associate with either man or woman."

"Mollie you are a wiz," I said. "I was going to ask to excuse me and let me go out for a walk alone."

I quickly slipped into my walking boots and with a sweater over my white linen frock I started on a jaunt up the board walk. So busy was I with my thoughts that I saw no one, and I started in surprise when a familiar voice close to my ear said, "Whither away so fast, fair maid?"

I turned to greet Malcolm Stuart.

I was aware that my face was unsmiling, but I was quite unprepared for the strained and worn look on his.

"It seems ages since I saw you," was his greeting. "I was just going down to your hotel to ask if you would come out for a walk with me."

This struck me as rather strange as up to this time Malcolm Stuart had been very careful to observe the social amenities. Whenever we had met and strolled along the walk it had had at least the appearance of accident on his part and it has been wholly without premeditation on mine. I must have expressed some of my surprise as he said, "Yes, Margie, I have something very important to say to you that would not keep while I walked these boards as I have many times before this summer with the hope that I would meet you."

"Margie, I am leaving this port, leaving the United States perhaps forever, and you are going with me."

"What?"

Slowly he repeated his words: "Tomorrow I am leaving the United States perhaps forever, and you are going with me."

"Have you suddenly gone mad, Malcolm Stuart?"

"No, dear. On the contrary, I think I am as sane as any man could be under the circumstances."

"Then why do you for one moment think I'll go with you as you have announced so calmly?"

"Because you love me."

"What?"

"Don't you love me?"

As Malcolm Stuart said these words a most peculiar sensation came over me. As they say, a drowning man reviews his whole life in a few moments, so I seemed to go over my entire acquaintance with Malcolm Stuart—all his wonderful understanding, all his wonderful sympathy, all his wonderful help to